



## A NEW SONG CALLED THE BOLD RAKE OF LIMRICK

I am a bold rover I traveled this nation all over  
I travel'd it over my fortune to try  
To earn my living by cheerfully singing  
The praises of Erin I will till I die  
I was always as willing to sport a bright shillin  
As any man living for a glass I will tell  
And for that very reason in the streets I was taken  
And lodged for a month in Limrick Jail  
When I found myself laid in that cold situation  
I began to caper & crack the flage ronad  
The place being melodious I raised such a chorus  
The hollow roof echoed the voice all round  
The Governor that dwell'd in that cursed prison  
He could not endure my pure party song  
The Governor came in to prevent me from singing  
And order'd the turn key to handcuff me strong  
When I found myself handcuff'd I knew it was  
for spite  
For my song it was done  
Say's I my old fellow I'll have satisfaction  
And in a few moments I'll shew you some fun  
He threw me on the floor then kick'd at the door  
And I upset the table been mad for a smook  
And out of the fire grate I pal'd a five bath brick  
To batter the windows to complete the joke  
Then away for the police the keeper soon sauntered  
And the lads quickly canter'd with them in a trot  
Like hounds in full chase till they come to the place  
To know who would be the first on the spot  
When they came to the door to make me secure  
They held a long counsel for fear I'd elope  
It at last was decided by those curse'd villians  
To tie me neck head & heels to the flage by a rope  
In this sad condition I lay till next morning  
Tied fast to the flage & got nothing to eat  
Stretch'd oh the cold flage with my clothes all  
in rags  
My face & eyes batter'd black & me in my pelt  
They kick'd & abuse'd & handle'd me sorely  
Within the barracks till my blood did appear  
Altho a poor stranger they shewed me no favour  
But cried my bold hero you may now live or die  
About ten the next morning they came to convey  
me  
They found me scarcely able to crawl on the  
ground  
Well guarded & tied to the carts to be tryed  
But in the Magistrates no mercy found  
It was only for picking those deamons between  
the peepers  
And breaking an other fellows jaw bone  
That was the reason without any reason  
They gave me one month for drinking my own  
Dane by Denn's Hannas;